"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

DRINKS &c.—It is said that coffee is drunk by 60,000,000 people; tea by 500,000,000; alcohol, 500,000,000; while opium is used by 400,000,000 of people, and tobacco by at least 700,000,000 of the human family.

WE believe with Louie Prindle that the rest, or the great hereafter, will be sweeter for our hard work here, and when at last our labours all are finished, we may fold our weary hands; and hushed will be the anxious, throbbing hearts, for then "He giveth his beloved sleep."

THERE are many maxims and anecdotes among all sects enjoining the duty of work as well as prayer. The Turks say that Mahomet overheard one of his followers say, "I will loose my camel, and commit him to God." "My friend," said Mahomet, "tie thy camel, and commit him to God. It is presumption, not faith, that expects a harvest without sowing; or that prays God to avert a calamity while neglecting to use the lawful means for averting it. The means themselves are God's messengers."

ALL girls who would be happy wives and beloved and respected mothers, be real, be earnest in everything; let your principles be true, tolerate no sham, and the superstructure you shall build thereon shall be animated with your spirit, when you have laid down this life and taken up renewed existence in another world. In marriage, who would not rather take to his heart a reasoning, thinking spirit, tolerating not self-influence but that of uprightness, having reliant faith, loving sympathy, and active usefulness, as the only weapons for the daily warfare of crosses, perplexities, and endurances, rather than a flippant, idle, ignorant girl, who, sooner than help her mother to lighten her burden of care and anxiety, is just the makeweight to the earth, and to keep her there, for the mother silently thinks, "Who will marry her?"

DR. JOHNSON remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

PROFANITY is a mark of low breeding. Show us a man that commands respect; an oath trembles not on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this and don't let a vile word disgrace you.

IT has been truly said that the first thought that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his direst difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office.

WENDELL HOLMES says a right good word for cheerfulness:—"There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for the smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts, all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me, and all that pass, such a rayless and chilling look of recognition, something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, came down to 'doom' every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?"

THE THREE SCOUTS.

A Story of the War.

It was night, dark, cold, and tempestuous, among the Balkans. Although the snow that had been falling incessantly for days had suddenly ceased its sifting through the murky air, it was now being swept along in blinding eddies on the fierce, howling blast, that deposited at times almost fathomless drifts in some of the deep defiles of the mountains.

Perhaps the term dark was not exactly applicable to the night, as a faint, ghastly bluish tinge was perceptible on the long and dreary waste that stretched before two riders as they held their laborious way toward a distant post-house—the only habitation that lay between them and their final point of destination, yet many versts away. Their animals, though powerful, were evidently jaded, as if from the effects of a long journey; and the riders themselves, from the silence they had observed for the last half-hour, and the manner in which they from time to time swayed about in their saddles, were probably fatigued also.

"I tell you what, Michael," said the taller of the two, who was the first to break the silence as they emerged upon the wide, wind-swept platform or waste just mentioned, "this is a dangerous experiment, and the more so as no one can tell on what side of the question Burlak, of the post-house, now hangs. He is between two fires, and as he lives in the dominion of the Turk, Cossack though he be, he may think it more prudent to cast his lot in with him than with us who stand by the Czar."

"That's true, Ivan," returned the other; "and if he has no information of where the enemy is encamped it would be folly for us to push on further, as we might get hopelessly entangled among pickets or foraging parties, and then where should our heads be?"

"No, no, comrade," replied the other; "we have volunteered to gain certain intelligence, and we must gain it if possible. And if Burlak cannot or will not help us we must push on at every risk until day-light sets in at least. We have travelled the road in peaceable times often enough to know it well; so that we shall, by taking such by-ways as we have already done, be able to guard against dangers and surprises better than those who are obliged to keep the highway."

"I long and hope for the day," returned Michael, "when all this bloodshed shall cease. Look, for instance, at the alarm of the Christian village that we passed through at nightfall. The inhabitants are in momentary fear of a descent being made upon them by the enemy, and we know what would follow such an attack."

"Yes, it is terrible," rejoined Ivan, "and I have myself some apprehension as to the safety of those inoffensive people; for, as you are aware, it was rumoured that a Turkish spy had been in the village, and had left it a short time before our arrival. But," he continued, "there are the lights of the post-house, so let us press forward and take a little food and rest."

The two horsemen, now that they were on ground that was level, and that had been swept almost bare of snow by the wind, urged their beasts forward at a somewhat brisker rate until they reached the post-house, where, without apprising any of the inmates, they alighted and tied their animals under a rude shed.

This accomplished, and after deciding upon a line of conduct to be observed regarding Burlak, the post-house keeper, they entered the dwelling, where they found no one save the proprietor himself, who was stretched on a wooden bench, beside a huge stove that was almost red-hot, in the centre of the apartment where he lay.

On hearing the footsteps of the new comers he sprang to his feet; but perceiving that they addressed each other in Turkish—a language which both he and they spoke most fluently—he bent a gracious smile upon them, and with a thousand welcomes invited them to take a seat beside the stove.

On perceiving their costume, and contrasting it with their tongue, Burlak at once rushed to the conclusion that his guests were none other than Turkish spies out on some desperate mission. And as he was himself a secret and well paid emissary of the sultan, he

quickly began to make approaches to them, which they, understanding, encouraged cautiously, until the three found themselves conversing in the utmost confidence as it were: although Michael and Ivan, who were persons of superior attainments, kept their own counsel, of course; and made no inquiries as to the whereabouts of the enemy, as to display any ignorance in this relation would be to betray themselves.

Soon Ivan, who was adroit beyond measure, observed incidentally, as it were, that one of their friends, whose name he had forgotten, had been despatched by the Turkish commander to gain information of the condition of the Christian dogs in a village in one of the valleys close by, and that he had returned with the information that they were in quite a defenceless condition, and could easily be disposed of by a small force if attacked at night, as the Russian camp was some versts away. He at the same time observed that himself and his comrade were despatched on a more dangerous mission, as they had been sent forth, from their perfect knowledge of Russian, to learn, if possible, the precise point at which the Muscovite general was encamped.

"Ah, dear friends, it is dangerous," returned the traitorous Cossack; "but you are quite mistaken as to Ismail. True, he has gone to see what state the village is in, or whether the Russians are close to it or not; but he has not returned yet. He, too, speaks Russian as well as any of us, and passed here this morning from the general's camp, not many versts off. He will return this way and tell me all; for he informed me that if everything was as he hoped to find it, a force should be sent to sack the place and put it to the sword to-morrow night; for it is well-known that all the inhabitants are friendly to the Russian cause."

This was important information, indeed; and Michael was about to make some observation on the subject when a fourth party, heavily booted and spurred and in half-Russian, half-Cossack attire entered the apartment.

Scarcely had he presented himself when Burlak, springing to his feet, once more welcomed him with great enthusiasm, telling him to speak freely, as he was in the company of true friends.

This was all that was necessary, for divesting himself of his outer garments, the new-comer took a seat by the stove and at once began to detail the success of his mission and to assure his comrades, as he called them, that by to-morrow night, before the clock struck twelve, not a Christian dog should be alive in the village; as he well knew that the general, on receiving his report, would despatch a sufficient force to put them all to death, two or three hundred men being all that was necessary.

"It is all fair and right," he continued, "for not only are they Christian dogs, but the worst enemies of the State; and as the Russians are too far away to aid them, all will be over before any news of the massacre reaches their camp."

Burlak, who had apostatized from his faith, was a man of a most forbidding countenance, and the fiendish smile which lit his sinister features on hearing of such premeditated and wholesale bloodshed was so repulsive and so aggravating that Ivan could have stricken him dead at his feet. Coolness and caution were now more necessary than ever on the part of the two Christians, so they took no further notice of the disclosure of the Turk, but on the invitation of Burlak, who had already informed the Moslem of their mission, they all sat down to partake of some refreshment that had been hastily spread on a table close by.

Ismail had tied up his horse between those of the two Russians, so that the animal might through the warmth he received be able to resume his journey with renewed vigour. And now, on having satisfied his hunger, he professed a desire to continue his way to the Turkish camp; while Ivan and Michael, who were quite as anxious as he to be on the road once more, were quickly in the saddle retracing their steps towards the Russian forces, which were not encamped so far from the village as Ismail had supposed. Burlak

had fed all the animals before supper, and received from the three scouts ample recompense for his trouble. He commended them to the care of Allah, and seeing them depart by opposite routes, he turned into his lonely den once more to gloat over the coming fate of "the doomed village," as he termed it.

Matters stood in this way until the afternoon of the next day, when a force of some three hundred Turks, guided by Ismail, arrived at the post-house. They delayed but a short period, merely waiting to refresh themselves, when they resumed their march; and this time accompanied by Burlak, whom Ismail induced to join them in the hope of securing great quantities of plunder. It was nearly midnight when they came within sight of the village, and the commander of the party absolutely rubbed his hands in terrible glee as he perceived that there was not a light to be seen, or the sign of a living creature to be met in any direction. Stealthily he and his men stole into the deserted streets, and gained a small square from which they were to issue on their mission of blood. Scarcely, however, had they formed within the space when a bell tolled from a neighbouring spire, and the next instant every window in the village was ablaze with lights, while from each and all a fire was opened on the party in the square that in a few seconds reduced them to but a handful. The commander saw that all was lost, and turned to fly with the remnant of his men; but finding himself hemmed in on all sides by the Russians, he was constrained to surrender himself and his few remaining soldiers prisoners. Ismail and Burlak were captured also, and while the rest were put in chains and placed in confinement, these two and the Turkish officer were brought bound into the presence of the Russian who commanded the defence, and who had been apprised in time by Ivan and Michael to frustrate the murderous attack. Burlak and Ismail, on perceiving Ivan and Michael in Russian uniform, knew that their fate was sealed; and they were not mistaken, for they were disposed of in a manner the most summary, but the Turks were held over for higher adjudication.—*Sunday Magazine.*

WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A WELL-DRESSED and well-behaved young man began visiting a young woman. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young girl to enquire where he had been.

"Had to work to-night."

"What! do you work for a living?" she asked in astonishment.

"Certainly," said the young man. "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife.

The lady who did not like the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and the proud, verdant, and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are well-dressed loafers!

We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so simple as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—belonging to one of the most dignified and honourable classes of God's creatures. Jesus Christ himself was a mechanic. Beware, young lady how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be a menial to one of them yourself.

Far better discharge the well-fed pauper, with his rings, jewellery, brazenness and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic.

THAT may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right; but Christ's religion is both. There is not only peace in the end of religion, but peace in the way.

KEEP yourself innocent if you would be happy. Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent. Read some portions of the Bible every day. Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

VISIONS OF GLORY.

AIR—"Pilgrims of the Night."

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE HOPE-STREET CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, LIVERPOOL.

LOOK up, my soul! o'er thee the stars are shining;
Calmly the moon beams on life's troubled sea;
The peace above, the eye of faith divining,
Tells of a world where sin shall never be.
Visions of glory; visions of light;
Coming to gladden
The children of the night.

Though on the way, by which the Father leads thee,
Darkness and gloom may for a season reign;
Be not cast down, the scatt'ring clouds say to thee,
That on thy life the sun will shine again.
Visions of glory; &c,

While we are here, we have with wrong to grapple;
Temptation's power is oft-times strong within;
Let us press on! and conquer in the battle;
The hope of heav'n shall be our shield from sin.
Visions of glory; &c.

If on our hearts we feel some sorrow pressing,
And from our eyes hot tears of anguish flow:
Over our souls shall come, with silent blessing,
Thoughts of that rest, to which God's children go,
Visions of glory; &c.

All is not dark! joys with our griefs are blended;
Seasons of peace, when all is calm and still;
Foretastes of heav'n, where, when our toils are ended,
We with the blest shall do the Father's will.
Visions of glory; &c.

Glory to God! who, while on earth we wander,
Sends us sweet tokens of His boundless love;
Visions of light, o'er which the heart can ponder,
Till death shall call us to the realms above.
Radiant in glory, God reigneth there,
And all who serve Him,
Shall in that glory share.

E. CAPLETON.

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

AN ALLEGORY.

A YOUTH was travelling to his home; the journey before him was long and tedious, and he had to change trains many times before he could arrive at his destination.

He would have found it impossible to find his way if his father had not given him a book in which were directions how to proceed, for though some of his fellow-travellers afforded him assistance, others endeavoured to hinder him.

At particular stations he had time to rest and study his book before he continued his journey, which would have been very wearisome if he had not had these rests to which to look forward.

Sometimes he was so much engaged in talking and amusing himself with his companions that he forgot to get out at the right stations, and each minute took him farther and farther from his home. Then oftentimes his pride led him to imagine that he was wise enough to be able easily to retrace his steps, but he found he only went farther from the place to which he intended to return. But when he became humble enough to apply to his book, it soon showed him the best way back to the station he had passed.

I must leave you to imagine his joy when he at length arrived safely at home, and was welcomed by his father after his long journey, and how his father forgave him for all the follies which had so often led him astray.

This little story is intended to represent our journey through life; the book which was the boy's guide is the Bible, which should indeed be our guide. The rests on the way are our Sundays, on which we rest from our daily work, and have time for meditation and for the study of our Bible. What a blessing the Sunday is to the hard-worked man, who but for this rest could hardly continue his work. And is not heaven indeed the happy home we shall all at length reach when life's journey is over; and shall not we be welcomed and forgiven by our heavenly Father?

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

A STORY OF OLD EDINBURGH.

By a Lady Visitor.

It is said that an old MS. of a lady visitor has been found on which this narrative rests:

Now-a-days when the town swarms with district visitors, much more is done for the poor than there used to be; but in my earlier days organised district visiting was unknown, and I had to keep my counsel as to my periodic visitations to the sick and sorrowing, thus fulfilling the precept, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

My acquaintances would have deemed it very unladylike and unbecoming to go up and down dirty alleys. Circumstances not worth relating here led me first into the Old Town to visit a blind old woman, who was very destitute and very lovable, and it was to her I was going.

Ere I left the house, I tied up some wild blossoms, and carried them with me to cheer me on the way.

I found Christie, my old pensioner, eagerly expecting me. I read to her, gave her the small sum which I tried to save for her weekly supplies, and was going to depart when she said:

"Ech, mum, it wad be awfu' kind o' you to gang to the hindermost end o' the wynd, an' see a puir body that is lying ill there. I fear me a' is na richt there; I hear whiles in the nicht awsome screams and groans; maybe she has a bad man wha beats her."

"Is he likely to be at home," said I.

"Na, na; he's out by a' the day, they tell me."

Looking at my watch, I saw that I had just time to pay another visit; so bidding farewell to Christie, I went down the wynd to the low, single-storied cottage which she had indicated. I knocked at the door.

"Come ben," cried a weak voice, and I entered a neat, tidy kitchen. In a corner was a box bed, and on it lay a handsome young woman.

"What may ye want?" she asked, querulously.

"I heard you were ill, so I took the liberty of calling."

"Nothing ails me," she said crossly; but the brilliant flush on her cheeks belied her words, and a cruel cough shook her slender frame.

"I will not intrude if you would like me to go."

I was turning from her, when she caught sight of my nosegay of flowers, and burst into an hysteric fit of weeping, I laid the flowers by her. She took them, and kissed them, and cried over them.

"I see you are a country woman like myself," said I.

"Oh, you bonnie, bonnie gowans!" she cried, "they mind me o' my hame on the Pentlands. Waes me I ever left it!"

"We can be happy everywhere," said I, "if we do our duty."

"Our duty, our duty?" she repeated, quite dazed like. "Body o' me, if I but knew what my duty was!" and here she cried and sobbed again; "'tis a cruel, cruel life, but a body must live, leddy."

"Yes, but 'tis better to starve than to do evil," said I.

"Leddie, ye dinna ken what life is to such as we are. Eh! the pretty gowans! they mind me how happy I was in the old farm on the Pentlands, and the gude wife always said, 'Helen, lay the sheets on the gowans to bleach.' That was a happy time afore I cam to this bad, uncanny town."

"Can I not help you to a quiet, respectable life?" I said, full of misgivings about the unhappy creature who looked so wildly out of her black eyes at me.

"A quiet life is no for me; my life is a hell, but I daurna leave it; he'd murder me."

Unconsciously I shuddered. "Poor thing, poor lassie!" I said, gently.

She looked fixedly at me. "Don't pity me, it does me harm; my heart will break; I am a vile, evil wretch; don't pity me."

"I must pity every one in sorrow; one far mightier than I am pitied the sinner."

"He never met me, one sae bad as me."

In vain I reasoned with her; she only shook her head, and refused all comfort, crying and sobbing convulsively.

As I knelt by her to pray she heard

footsteps coming up the wynd, and pulling me from my knees with a strength which surprised me, shrieked out, "For God's sake go, leddy, leave this house, or you are a dead woman."

There was something so wild in her look as she screamed, "Go! for God's sake go, go!" that I was startled and walked hastily to the door. I was just going to open it, my hand was on the latch, when she precipitated herself off the bed, her long black hair falling in a cloud round her to the knees, and with great strength, but not unkindly, dragged me to another door, which she opened and pushed me over the threshold.

Stunned with her vehemence, and with a feeling that I had escaped some strange danger, I walked quickly off. As I walked down the wynd two villainous-looking men rushed past me. For long after their faces haunted me, for there was on them the expression of low cunning and cruel ferocity.

Several months elapsed before I returned to Edinburgh.

At this time all Edinburgh was convulsed with horror at the discovery of the infamous crimes of Hare and Burke. These villains, to meet the great demand for subjects, necessitated by the energetic teaching of the professors, had not scrupled to murder innocent people in the most nefarious way, thus keeping themselves in a state of affluence. This abominable system added a new term to the English language, and to "burke a subject" well expressed the odious and noiseless way in which they extinguished life, without leaving trace or mark of violence.

It was said that they clapped great plasters over the mouths and noses of their victims, thus effectually stifling cries and life itself.

In 1828 Edinburgh was convulsed with terror by the mysterious disappearance of several persons, well known beggars, who had been traced to the beggars' hotel kept by Hare and his accomplice, Helen McDougal.

Nothing else was talked of by high and low. Maids trembled at having to open the door at night, and as for sending them round the corner on a message it was not to be thought of.

At last the authors of the mysterious crimes were seized and brought to justice. The unreasoning mob laid all the blame of these lawless acts on the luckless professors. An infuriated rabble besieged Professor Knox in his own house, and he had to fly the country in fear of his life.

When popular excitement was at its height, Archie called on me, and proposed that I should accompany him to the Old Town and see the murderers' house. More to humour the lad than out of any morbid desire to see a scene where such horrors had been perpetrated—a den worse than that of a wild beast's, into which poor innocent folk had been lured to their own destruction—I agreed to accompany him.

Archie was in high spirits: he rebutted all my charges against the medical profession with the greatest animation; he vowed they were neither inconsiderate nor did they stimulate unduly the ambition of the students to be skilful operators.

As we talked I had not paid very particular attention to the streets through which we passed; but I confess I felt somewhat startled when we entered the same alleys in which my old pensioner lived, then passed on to the cottage, where I had met my strange adventure. As we stood in the uncanny place I felt sick as I thought of the narrow escape I had made.

"Just oblige me, Archie," I said, "and open that door," pointing to the door by which I had first tried to make my exit.

He looked surprised, but did so.

One step beyond the threshold was a trap-door, so balanced that whoever trod on it was precipitated into a cellar beneath.

I breathed quickly, and my colour rose as I saw the frightful danger I had been in on that visit.

Archie stared at me in amazement.

"Why, Auntie, you seem to know all about this place?"

"Yes," said I; "it is not a year since I was in this very room," and I related to him my adventure.

"Thank God, Auntie, that you had your wits about you."

"No," said I, "rather let us thank Him for his marvellous care which brought me unhurt out of this den of murderers; truly, 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

FREEDOM.

"Now, pray we for our country,
That she may ever be
The holy, and the happy
And the gloriously free."

THEORETICALLY, all people acknowledge the beauty and fitness of liberty, but it is not always that they show a due respect for the independence of their neighbours, or a proper solicitude for the maintenance of their own.

All who believe in the doctrine of free will must believe in the right of every man to control his own affairs, without the interference of others with that freedom of will and action which a higher power has bestowed. They will see that a man has no more right to resign the personal responsibility which has been entrusted to him than he has foolishly to throw away his life, and that none of the persuasive arguments of that humane institution, the Peace Society, can justify men in sacrificing their own freedom and that of their descendants, till they have tried by every means but fraud—physical force if necessary—to avert the disaster. Kossuth states that tyranny and despotism occasion more waste of human life than the most destructive war, to say nothing of the entire stagnation of all mental and moral progress, which a state of slavery necessarily involves. Would not the most terrible war that ever desolated the earth be well justified to resist in a free country the establishment of such an institution as the Spanish Inquisition? Those who set such a light price on their sacred gift of freedom as to deny this are slaves already in all but the name.

Most people if they were asked what freedom meant, would reply in effect, "Liberty to do as you like without the interference of others." Social philosophers qualify this, and say that no person has a right to violate the liberty and reasonable comfort of another. But liberty in its most extended sense means something more than this, for to be really free a man must not only be *permitted* to act for himself, but he must really do so without entering into a state of voluntary slavery, by allowing himself to be bound too much by the world's opinion; by an observance of superstitious forms in religion; by his natural affections even, which may sometimes exert more influence than of right belongs to them. More too, far more, is needed to make a free man. He must not only be emancipated from the dominion of his own passions, but he must be unfettered by the narrow principles of any party, or the exclusive prejudices of any class. He must not have his reason rendered powerless by obstinacy or self-conceit. He must be free, in short, to do what he thinks best without impediment either from the opposing wills of others or from his own passions, his own inclinations, his own prejudices. An old proverb says, however, "There's moderation in all things, and reason in roasting eggs." It is by no means meant to imply that people should go through the world taking their own way in everything, without the least regard to others, beyond avoiding the commission of indictable offences. Even if such a course were possible—which it is not—it would not be by any means advisable. The world is divided into two classes, those who have too low conceptions of their liberty, and those who have too high ideas of it. These latter personages usually begin by forgetting that freedom is the right of every one else just as much as of themselves, and in the character of "free agents" decide singly on matters in which others have an equal interest, and should have an equal voice. Then no advice can be tolerated from anyone, however capable of judging of the merits of the case, and the fact of having a legal right to do anything is with them sufficient to justify them in doing it, whether reasonable or not. These, however, have not become free enough yet, for they are not yet free from the dominion of their prejudice and obstinacy.

Though to a certain extent liberty is the common property of all, no one was ever yet completely independent of his fellows, or ever will be, for we are all

dependent on each other. Those who really wish to know will generally not find much difficulty in discovering how far their independence should assert itself in cases as they arise.

It is of no use to talk of freedom to a bad man. He cannot be free—that is to say, of course, while the adjective applies. I mean this in the more limited signification of liberty—interference from without. He must put himself in the power of other people. He cannot help it, and when he is in the power of others he cannot be free.

Give liberty to a slave—a slave at heart—who has neither reason to use it nor spirit enough to long for it, and what will be the consequence? He will at once enter upon a voluntary slavery, and be no more free than he was before. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." A man who has not enough of a free spirit to gain, or, at all events, wish for his own liberty, cannot be made free by the exertions of others.

It has been a question how far a man's ideas of his own rights and liberties should justify him in what is called "rebellion against lawful authority." It may be as well to inquire, what makes authority lawful? What are laws made for?—in short, what was the origin and purpose of all governments? It may have been found by experience that society could not long exist if there was no restraint placed on the natural exercise of men's liberties, on their will and power, that is, to injure each other. For their mutual defence, therefore, some sort of regulations were agreed upon by the community, and some sort of authority was constituted to see to the observance of those regulations. It is but just and reasonable then that this people should defer to their rulers, and aid them in carrying out such measures as are for the advantage of the commonwealth. Further, as these rulers are but fallible men, it is fair and right that their mistakes should receive a liberal construction, and it is better that the laws should be obeyed, even when sometimes mistaken, than that the safety of the whole should be endangered. But in important things, where the laws are bad, and when all legal and regular means have failed to redress the evil, slavery is a greater evil than anarchy, and then is the time for men to stand upon their manhood, and to remember that they were freemen before they were subjects. Other Governments, it is true, may have originated in a different way, by the superior strength—corporeal or intellectual—of some individual or party; but what was gained by the strong hand may surely be subverted in the same manner, if it should become necessary for the general good. It is more the way in which authority is exercised than the means by which it was obtained that should make it respected.

It is difficult in some situations, in such an institution as the army for example, to reconcile that individual responsibility and freedom, which is the birthright of everyone, with the degree of subordination which is absolutely necessary for the safety and utility of the whole. Putting this broad question out of the light, it may be left for a man's individual consideration how far he is justified in consigning his happiness, his life, and his honour to the keeping of others.

This has been called a nation of freemen, but it should be remembered that no political independence, gained once and for all, can make a country free. This can only be done by the sincere and manful endeavours of the individual members of the State. If we make an impartial investigation into the social and political condition of the country, I think the verdict will be—"Not free enough yet."

"By the foes you fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds you've done;
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glows not in your hearts the same."

B. K.

Short Sermons.—"I tried to preach the milk of the word," replied a city clergyman to a parishioner who remonstrated that his sermons were too long." "Yes," remarked the other, "but around here what we want is condensed milk."

FIRST THINGS.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

Anæsthesia was first discovered in 1844.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg in 1477.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach, in 1460.

The first chimney was introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jun., in 1846.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge was organised in 1698.

Organs are said to have been first introduced into churches by Pope Vitalianus, about A.D 1670.

The first temperance society was organised in Saratoga county, New York, in March, 1808.

The first compass was used in France in 1150, though the Chinese are said to have employed the loadstone earlier.

The first steamboat on the Soane, 1782; on the Clyde and Forth, 1789; on the Hudson, 1807; on an English river, 1812.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organised in 1804, under the name of "British and Foreign Bible Society."

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.

The first daily paper appeared in 1702.

SAVE THE LOST.

"What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" Here is a tender and beautiful figure. Here is a sweet and pathetic mission.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the shepherd's tender care."

A good shepherd will care for his own sheep. The inward promptings to possess a flock; the stimulants of ownership; the selfish love of what belongs to us, no less than a commiseration of what is endangered because it is lost, would lead a wise and merciful man to seek a sheep that had strayed. All mankind will agree with this. Men of ordinary self-interest would hunt for their own property. Men grow rich in caring for their own.

The woman swept the house and hunted for the silver because it was her own. Miserly men will go to the courts or fight in the streets for what is their own. Royal navies are sent to the seas, and grand armies to the fields of battle to defend our own. We fight flames of fire, and pay countless millions to protect what is our own. The right of possession and ownership is the chief cause of search and defence. Where then is the virtue? If this only is the Christianity of the New Testament, then what better is Christianity than the spirit of barter and gain in our shops, and the prudence which would save the cattle on our farms?

The whole matter in hand is a question of the alienation and corruption of what is lost. The Scribes and Pharisees maintained that the total corruption of all people outside of Judaism, alienated them from God. To be lost

was to be broken off from heirship, and from the present and future favour of Jehovah. To be a sinner in the sense of being a Gentile, was to be sundered from the claims and protection of the Almighty. Hence the rebuke in the interview which called forth the words, "Save the lost."

Well, there are probably as great sinners in the world to-day, and as many of them as there ever were. Can any deny that there may be also as much self-righteousness in the world now as there used to be? As much arrogance and pride and haughty self-will? Such sins used to be found under the purple and fine linen. The matter in dispute to-day is the ownership and salvation of the common people, outside of the popular communion tables.

Is a sinner a child of God? Why should God hunt for him if he was not? Why should Christ die for him if he was not? Does a sheep become a goat because it is lost? Was the fathership of the prodigal exchanged and transferred because he went away from home? If God be not the Father of the wicked, then he is the Father of none in this world, for all men are wicked. Think of David and Solomon and Peter, and the defection of all the disciples. They sinned; but a man's a man for a' that.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."
"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

Moses and Aaron called our Creator "the God of the spirits of all flesh" (Num. xvi. 22). St. Paul called him "the Father of spirits." The old prophet triumphantly inquired, "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?" (Mal. ii. 10). St. Paul commended the statements of the heathen poets (Aratas and Cleanthes), "For we also are his offspring." He said, "there is one God and Father of all" (Eph. iv. 6).

Mark well therefore the first element of strength and beauty in these three parables of Jesus, viz.: To be lost does not destroy ownership, nor abridge God's relation to us. Every wandering sinner may penitently offer the prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven." God gave the heathen to Jesus as an inheritance. The ownership of the wicked is implied in

"Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the shepherd made answer, This of mine
Has wandered away from me."

Well, suppose we are lost; yet lost property belongs to somebody. And I maintain, and the Christian religion maintains, that we all belong to God the Father. We are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Jew and Greek, bound and free, have all one Father in heaven. To be elected to be born again, to be a child of grace, confers no exclusive monopoly of the kingdom of heaven. The lost sheep have rights, inalienable rights. Because you are within the homestead, confers no right to the claims of those who are out of it. "Other sheep I have," said Jesus, "which are not of this fold. Them also must I bring, and they hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"—John x. 16.

"Although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Now mark well the great points of our blessed Saviour's language. The lost sheep are his Father's. He goes after them because they are his Father's. And the good shepherd hunts for his sheep "until he finds them." Ah! most sweet and gracious assurance! Lovely and successful service! Bruised and wounded creature! Footsore and lame and helpless lamb! Somebody is calling and hunting for you! for you, "Sick and helpless, and ready to die." The grandeur of success crowns every one of these parables. The shepherd leaveth "the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and goeth after that which is lost until he finds it."

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die."

A. A. Thayer.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

"THESE three." In the briefest words, in the tersest mode of marshalling them, we have here drawn by a master hand the Christian life in its rise, its progress, and its development. The gradation is beautifully maintained, and with philosophic precision; whilst the climax is grand—is perfect. The believer goes on. From strength to strength he lays his foundation in Faith. He is continually built up in Hope, and Love is the topmost stone, which crowns the whole with rejoicing. His house, begun on earth, rests on the firm rock of trust in God. Through hope he mounts from thence to the Father's abode, and when there he finds the ladder no longer needed, for love is the end of the commandment. Love encircles all, fills all; yet in this present state faith and hope are absolutely requisite to produce love. Faith must precede hope, as both are prior to the perfect love that casteth out fear. And this is the natural order of the emotions. We cannot reverse, or any way change it, without throwing all into confusion. There can be no assured hope till there be a rational firm conviction and on first principles; nor will love ever have its due influence on the heart and conduct, unless the understanding knows first of all *what* it must love, and finds sufficient reason for the exercise of the affections. A settled faith will give a hope that needs not to be ashamed, and this hope will animate to the successful pursuit of all that is excellent, till both faith and hope be swallowed up in sight, whilst love will remain the crown and perfection of the whole.

"These three." Faith is the commencement of the Christian course. It is a belief—a conviction of the understanding. It is more—a deeply rooted, heartfelt persuasion, a complete assurance of the perfections of Him—the Father of our Spirits—being able and willing to do all things for the glory of his name and the final happiness of his whole rational creation. It is the surrender of the human will to the divine will, of ourselves to his Almighty and all-wise guidance. It is resignation to his purposes; compliance with his commands; dutiful unmurmuring submission to his dispensations, such as signalised the whole life of our great forerunner on earth. It is the sincere and hearty aspiration, "Thy will be done!" Faith is not merely speculative. It is intensely practical; it is interwoven with our whole existence; it consecrates every thought and word and action; it holds no parley with error known as such; it acts steadily on the great truth, that Christ has no concord with Belial; it hates every foul and false device. It is often wrought painfully into the soul, purchased as the Roman freedom of old, with a high price—still, never bought too dearly. Many dearly cherished prejudices may have to be abandoned—much that the world counts valuable—ease, friendship, reputation, with the very means of subsistence. These may be among the sacrifices demanded, but the cost must not be counted. The fine lines of Dryden are applicable throughout:—

> "If joys hereafter must be purchased here,
> With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
> Then welcome infamy and public shame,
> And last, a long farewell to worldly fame."

And all this will but render the convictions more valuable and dear. Consistency and elevation will be given to the character, the whole life will be brought into conformity with the Divine law, and it cannot thus remain without producing the fruits of the spirit. Faith—religious faith—is not that cold barren thing which plays round the head, but never touches the heart. It is energetic, sublime; it carries the soul, as on eagle's wings, to the throne of the eternal, and from the heaven of heavens it brings back light and strength, and peace and joy. It realises the wish of Peter, and makes for itself a tabernacle on the Holy Mount, far away from turmoil and strife, and selfishness and impurity. This faith, heaven born and heaven directed, sees things invisible to the sense, as very certain, and very near. "Every tempting form of sin, awed by its presence, disappears." The purest piety, the most ardent devotion with holiness of heart and life, grow up

under its influences, and come to maturity. The vision is progressively enlarged, purged also from the mists of sense, something of a prophet's inspiration is gained, and all around the wide horizon is seen, as Moses saw from Pisgah, the goodly land stretching out to the borders of the utmost sea—the land of promise—flowing with milk and honey; a good and fertile land, wherein the children of God shall dwell and be happy for evermore. This is the faith of the honest and clear understanding; it is the faith of the heart in which man believeth unto righteousness; the faith that removes mountains; the faith of the Saviour, in which, for us he overcame the world.

We reserve considerations on Hope and Love to another opportunity.

THE DEATH OF A HERO.

We can all remember the lamented death, the other year, of Commodore Goodenough, who died of a wound from a poisoned arrow, in an attack upon his boats by the savages of the Solomon Islands. His memoir has been published, and the following extract is very interesting.

"Everything was wonderfully calm yesterday, and all on board the ship quiet, but for the noise of the engines. Shortly before four o'clock these were stopped, and the commodore sent for all the officers to bid good-bye to them. He spoke calmly of his approaching death, and begged them to remember his earnest advice to them to trust in the infinite love and wisdom of God, and to find happiness in doing that which they knew to be right, and abstaining from evil. He then bade each one good-bye, each one kissing him at his request. He then, although much too weak to stand, and although every movement gave him pain, had himself carried out on to the quarter-deck, where all hands assembled to meet him. He was laid on a bed on the deck, his first words to the men being, 'Don't look frightened; smile.' When laid down he said, 'If the men will sit down . . . . I can see the faces . . . I want to see all your faces to bid you good-bye.'

"Then, after a considerable pause, he called out, he being almost the only man not in tears, 'My men . . . I have come out on the quarter-deck to say good-bye to you . . . because I am going to die. Dr. Messer tells me I am going to die, and, as we all know, he is the best judge. God is very good to me; everything is made easy to me; I have many kind, faithful friends around me. The reason why I have come out on the quarter-deck to bid you good-bye before I die, besides good fellowship, is to impress upon you the love and goodness of God for you, his infinite love, his infinite wisdom.' He repeated this more than once about the goodness and love of God. He then adjured the men to remember these, his last words, when tempted to commit sin, that they would think of him and what he was saying to them, and put the temptation from them. His voice grew weak as he said: 'I love you all. I have always loved my men. There is a foolish weakness in my voice which makes it sound as if I were crying. But I am not crying, and I want you all to hear me. I hope you all can hear what I say to you.'

"He went on to address the commander as a young man advanced to command, and begged of him and all others who were in any way leaders, to never hesitate in their daily life to step forward and say: 'This is right,' or 'This is wrong.' 'Will you do this? It will be very kind of you if you will . . . As for the poor fellows who gave me this wound, what their reason, their object was, I don't know; no one knows. They may have been injured by some of us, by some other ship at some time; we don't know. It's no good talking about it. I hope at some future time, it may be twenty or thirty years hence, some Good Christian man will go among them and find out what it all means. I love you all, I have always loved you all, but in carrying on duty we sometimes make mistakes. I have made mistakes, and if any of you think of anything where I have been wrong I want you to forgive me."

Not one word more need be said of such an end of a brave, good, Christian officer. His end was forgiveness and peace.

HOW HE TRIED HIS MOTHER.

A Touching Story.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's care and counsel:—

What agony was on my mother's face when all that she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke to me no more till she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly:—

"Certainly you will, Alfred! I command you."

"I will not!" said I, "you can't get me up-stairs."

"One of the two things you must do, Alfred—either to go to school this minute, or I will lock you up in your room, and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up-stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me, I will kick you," said I, in a fearful rage, God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but I quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my hand firmly: I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels, as the torment of the memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. "O Heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!" The gardener just then passed the door, and saw my mother was pale and almost unable to support herself. She beckoned him to come in.

"Take this boy upstairs and lock him in his own room," she said, and turned off from me. It was a look of agony, mingled with intense love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, but I felt that I was afraid to die. I was not penitent.

At times my heart was subdued, but my stubbornness rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield yet. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach my door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she said.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake and for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. Let me tell mother you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass a wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my heart, and I longed to throw myself upon her neck; but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred! Don't wait a minute. Get up and come with me, Mother is dying!"

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed.

She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest; and rising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she never would know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned within my bosom—my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of mother's hand, her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not her speech. She looked at me and moved her lips, I could not understand her words.

"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you will forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifted her thin white hands; she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had left me for ever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memory for your future years.

THE true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes, indeed, all the levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others as well as to be pleased.

SAY "good morning," and teach your children to say "good morning" to parents, brothers, sisters, schoolmates, teachers, and to say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do all good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
A sad heart groping blindly for the light;
A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps her safe through his eternal years"—
And that is all.

GOD BLESS THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

GOD bless the little children!
How beautiful they are!
How winning in their helplessness,
How free from sin and care!
I never gaze upon their brows,
So void of guile and art,
But I yearn to take them in my arms
And hold them to my heart.

God bless the little children!
How innocent they are!
Woe, woe! to those whose word or deed
Shall be to such a snare!
Woe, woe! to those whose reckless hands
Their little hearts shall tame!
Or stamp upon their guileless brows
The brand of guilt and shame!

Thou, who in Bethlehem's manger lay,
A feeble, helpless child,
Over whose human infant form
A tender mother smiled,
Upon each little head, I pray,
Thy holy blessing pour;
And take them in Thy glorious arms,
As once Thou didst of yore.

God guard them in their helplessness,
From guilt's unholy sway;
And keep them in their innocence,
From all that leads astray.
With lifted eyes and earnest heart,
I breathe this fervent prayer,
God bless the little children!
God bless them everywhere!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

From Portugal.—In 1770 the King of Portugal issued an edict forbidding widows of above fifty to marry:—"Because women of that age commonly marry young men who dissipate their fortunes."

Another Aunt.—"Why," asked a teacher in the Sunday-school, "did Solomon tell the sluggard to go to the ant?" "Because," said a thirteen-year-old boy, "he knew his aunt would have him into the garden to work every afternoon as soon as school is over."

Sawney's Minister.—The following stern pulpit criticism is from *Punch*:—*First Scot*: "Fat sort o' Minister hae ye gotten, Geordie?" *Second Scot*: "Oh, Weel, he's no muckle worth. We seldom get a glint o' him, six days o' th' week he's envees'ble, and on the seventh he's encomprehens'ble."

True Love.—A rich English saddler, whose daughter was finally married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune unless she married a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and was afterwards married to the saddler's rich and handsome daughter.

Cause not Seen.—At one time when a visitation of the cholera was dreaded, a lady took a great deal of trouble among some poor dirty neighbours, persuading them to allow her to whitewash, scrub, clear away pigsties, manure heaps, &c. After a while she called to ask how they were getting on, and was answered, "Oh, we're all well, my lady, thank God. It was a sight of trouble that your ladyship's honour gave yourself all for nothing, for the cholera never came near us at all."—*From the Nonconformist a Week Ago.*

Considerate Bears.—To trap bears in Russia a pit is dug several feet deep, covered with turf, leaves, &c., and some food placed on top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily falls into the snare. But if four or five get in together, they all get out again. They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape. And they don't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. They bring the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in their freedom. Sensible bears, we should say, are a great deal better than some people we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

Weddings.—Some one who has been the witness of too much show at weddings, recently suggests that it would be better to have less pomp at weddings and more pudding afterwards.

Home Cares at Church.—An old lady, sleeping during divine service in a church, let fall a Bible with clasps to it, and the noise partly awaking her, she exclaimed aloud: "What! you've broke another jug, have you?"

Fresh Eggs.—A friend of ours went into a shop lately to buy some eggs. On his asking "If they were fresh," he was appalled by receiving the reply, "Oh, yes, sir; they're *this year's eggs.*" He was relieved when he remembered that the world was still in the middle of the first week of January.

A Scotsman's Sorrow.—A Scotsman who had gone back to his country, after a long absence, declared, after going to the kirk, that the whole kingdom was on the road to perdition. "The people," he said, "used to be reserved and solemn on the Sabbath; but now they look as happy on that day as on any other."

Boys, Read This.—A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father would not hurt me, yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles will be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

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